

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

CHAPTER XVII. HORNDEAN OF HORNDEAN.

NOTHING could be more creditable to a man than to have made himself on the pattern and to the extent of which the late Mr. Horndean had offered a distinguished example. The pattern was that of an estimable member of society, who discharged all his obligations with exactitude, gave no offence, and had no history, save in the self-making particular; the extent was that of a landed proprietor in Hampshire, with a considerable fortune invested in safe and remunerative securities. He had been a lucky man in almost everything he undertook; he had had his way in all but a solitary instance—the one woman whom he had loved was not for him. Whether that contrariety of fate had lastingly embittered the other favours of fortune, no human being, save Mr. Horndean himself, could have told. He was a reserved man, whose quiet manners were a preservative against the prejudice that is sometimes extended to success that does not demonstrate itself in folly and extravagance. Those forms his success had never taken, partly because he really was a sensible man, and partly because it had not completed itself until he was sufficiently advanced in life to be aware of the emptiness of folly and the unsatisfying nature of extravagance. The most entirely appropriate and timely piece of good fortune that had ever befallen him, according to his own estimate, was his getting possession of the fine old house and park on which he had conferred the name of Horndean. The place had been known by another

name for more than two centuries, and had many recollections and traditions connected with it, some of them worthy and lofty, others evil and mean, but there had come an end to the old line and the old history. The last of the historic family to which the place had belonged, had revived in his own person its evil and mean traditions during a long and worthless life that came to its fitting close in exile and contempt. No son of his succeeding to an inheritance which was simply one of debt and dishonour, the place was sold. Mr. Horndean bought it, and all who knew him at the time, and the neighbourhood who did not know him, supposed that now another of the fine old English country places would be turned into building ground, and a vulgar speculator would avail himself of the contiguity of the all-invading railway to plant a vulgar townlet in its stead. Everybody was mistaken, Mr. Horndean settled down to live in the old house, after it had been substantially repaired, but not in the least injured, in an ideal sense, in the process, and the only Philistine act of which he was guilty was the change of name.

"I mean those who come after me to be Horndeans of Horndean," Miss Lorton's guardian had said, in explaining to her his reasons for turning Charlecote Chase into Horndean. "I am proud of the name I have made respectable and kept clean, and I hope no one will ever sully my name as the last Charlecote of Charlecote stained and degraded his."

The lady to whom he spoke concluded very reasonably from this explanation that Mr. Horndean meant to marry; indeed, without it, she would have thought such an intention likely, after the acqui-

tion of a fine place like that. Whether Mr. Horndean did or did not marry was not then a material concern of Miss Lorton's, for she was herself engaged to marry Mr. Townley Gore. Of course, the new place would not be so pleasant a resource for her with, as without a Mrs. Horndean, but beyond that consideration she did not care. Her brother's interest in the matter was a closer one, for Mr. Horndean had no relatives in anything like an obligatory degree of kinship to him, and he had always taken his honorary relation to the Lortons very seriously. Her brother's interest must, however, take care of itself; Miss Lorton was a reasonable person at every period of her life, and she was aware that it would be absurd and unbecoming for her to exhibit either surprise or discontent that her guardian, a well-preserved man, some years short of sixty, should think of founding a family after having secured so satisfactory a stake in the country as Horndean. Her guardian, however, did nothing of the sort. He merely settled down at the "translated" Charlecote Chase, gave her a splendid wedding in the grand old house, made her and her friends welcome there each autumn for a few weeks of well-ordered hospitality, and took to collecting. He was not a fanatical collector, and his former business habits and ideas kept him from exceeding his means; but he certainly did expend a good deal of money on the purchase of miniatures, enamels, china, Elzevirs, and precious stones, for which both Mrs. Townley Gore and her brother could have found a more satisfactory use.

In the harmless pursuits of adding to his little museum and admiring its contents, the last fifteen years of Mr. Horndean's life, which had been one of unremitting toil until its middle period was reached, passed peacefully enough away. Perhaps, if he had been called upon, at its close, to declare what moment of it had been the most completely filled with entire and unmixed satisfaction, he would have named that in which he saw his own collection of Hungarian garnets described in a learned article in one of the great quarterlies upon precious stones as "unrivalled" among private collections. That life, with its early and respectable struggles, its creditable success, its presumable but hidden grief, its real loneliness, its harmless gratifications, its pride, not to be condemned, although it might have been manifested after a less

Philistinish fashion, was over now, and the troublesome ward, the only son of the woman Mr. Horndean had loved, but who was not for him, was to succeed him at Horndean.

Frederick Lorton, who had never in his life worked with steady, self-denying, self-restraining purpose for any object, was to have the enjoyment of all that Mr. Horndean had acquired by long years of steady and purposeful endeavour. The heir had not even seen his benefactor on his death-bed, or afforded him the satisfaction of believing that his counsels had made any impression.

Mr. Horndean and Frederick Lorton had never been very good friends since the boy had become a man. The two were as antagonistic in temperament as they were unlike in tastes. Of his two wards, the joint legacy of his dead love and his dead friend, the girl had of late been preferred, and if he could by a stroke of his pen have made a Horndean of Horndean of her, it is probable Mrs. Townley Gore would have been his heiress. This, however, could not be done, and the old man's pride found a dreary gratification in a disposition of his property in which his feelings had hardly any share. He had had his good things in his time, and he had not merited them ill, as merely human merit goes. He had been a just man; but among those good things, the best, which is love, was not included: that he had neither gained nor given.

The spring was in its utmost beauty of the tender green period when the master of Horndean lay yet unburied within the walls of the old house that had opened its doors to so many brides and bridegrooms, and closed them behind so many dead men and women of a race whose place was to know it no more for ever. That beauty was exceptionally exquisite at Horndean, for the park was famous for its trees, oak and elm, beech and ash, in all their varieties, and great cedars and copper beeches stood stately in the vicinity of the house, which was approached on one side by a noble double avenue of chestnuts and thorns, white and red. Later in the spring, when the lilacs, laburnums, and hawthorns should have fully flowered, and the great banks of rhododendrons should be in their first bloom, the place would be a paradise of colour. The formal gardens, with their laurel and yew hedges, enclosed within serried ranks of magnificent trees a vast parterre where roses of every hue shed their perfume

on the soft air. The house, a spacious building of red brick—toned by time and its growths into a most harmonious colour—with white stone facings, was almost square, with two grand entrances, and a superb marble central hall or saloon, with a cupola roof. The garden front consisted of two lines of large and lofty windows, with a wide balcony in the centre of the upper line. Those upper windows belonged to a vast drawing-room or gallery, which extended along the entire front, and was a beautiful and elegantly-proportioned apartment, pannelled in oak, with a richly-painted ceiling and an open fireplace with a carved oak chimney-piece of great value. In the recesses between the windows, which reached from the floor to the ceiling, were placed the cases that contained Mr. Horndean's collections, occupying about half the space in each recess; the upper half being filled by bookcases. The books were rare and valuable, but they did not form a "collection" in the same sense as the other objects, for Mr. Horndean had, so to speak, bought Charlecote Chase "all standing," and the coat-of-arms of the extinct family was stamped on the buff-and-gold covers of the folios, octavos, and quartos, and on the portfolios of engravings that had rested undisturbed since its flourishing days. Rich furniture in faded crimson damask and gold; heavy damask hangings; a number of fine cabinets, some of them curiosities of old Chinese fabric; a few marble busts and small groups, and an ancient harpsichord, daintily painted in the sentimental and pastoral style of the period when Strephon and Chloe were the exponents of the eternal legend of love and youth, combined to lend to the "long gallery" an aspect entirely unlike that of a modern drawing-room. Some fine portraits, for which those of Charles Surface's ancestors might be supposed to entertain a fellow-feeling—for they too had been knocked down in the lump, without ever a protest on behalf of a Sir Oliver among them—were fitted into the panels opposite the long windows, and beneath each stood a coffer or a chest, some velvet covered and ornamented with the fleur-de-llys in wrought brass, others in Florentine or Venetian workmanship. All day the light poured into this beautiful room, silent and yet eloquent, lonely and yet full of many memories from many lands; in the morning through the eastern, in the evening through the western windows, and between those hours through the long line of

the front that faced the grand old garden, with the stately trees and the solemnly noisy rookery beyond. There were smaller but still spacious drawing-rooms, a fine library, a great dining-hall, and the vast marble saloon already mentioned, but the gallery was the pride of the house in modern as it had been in ancient days, and in that room the late owner had found all the pleasure of his later years. To add a choice gem or jewel, a rare bit of china, to his collections; to inscribe in his perfectly-arranged and scrupulously-kept catalogue the history of a snuff-box or a bonbonnière, on whose lid some languishing beauty simpered—preparatory, in many cases, to looking out of the little window, for the beauties were chiefly of the period of la sainte guillotine; to set down the date and condition of an Elzevir, which probably nobody had ever read, and which he most assuredly never would read; or the subject of an enamel, with the name of the atelier which produced it—were the harmless delights of the old man's life.

They were mostly unshared, but he did not care about that. The only reflection that spoiled or damped his pleasure was one which he could not keep away. Who would care for his collections when he was gone? He would sadly answer to this question of his own, "No one," and then he would look around at the rich and beautiful objects that he, an utter stranger, had bought "in the lump," and which, though dumb now for ever, but had once been eloquent to men and women whose life-histories were all closed, and would feel with strange bitterness that the things he loved would soon be as dumb and meaningless. They should not be sold "in the lump" to a stranger, however; he would take order against that. The Horndean collection should be an heirloom, and descend with the place, never to be diverted from the possession of Horndean's.

And now the time had come when this provision against the inevitable change and oblivion was to be carried into effect. The great doors of Horndean House were about to close behind the mortal remains of its new owner, and Mr. Lorton was to reign in his stead. The ceremonial that succeeds death in rich men's houses was observed on this occasion with the strictest propriety, and nothing was wanting to the funereal rites, except mourning for the dead man. There was none of that, but a decent gravity

pervaded the household. Mrs. Grimshaw, the housekeeper, felt some real regret for him, and Mrs. Townley Gore's manners were good under all circumstances, so that there was no levity or unbecoming behaviour during the week of silence and down-drawn blinds, for Mrs. Grimshaw was as absolute in one sphere as Mrs. Townley Gore in another. There was a great deal of curiosity concerning the will among the household and in the neighbourhood; this was not shared by Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore; they knew that Frederick Lorton was to have Horndean, and that his sister was to receive a handsome legacy. Poor Mr. Townley Gore had had his gout to think of more continuously than usual since he had been at Horndean. A luxurious country house, nothing to do, and a state of things which prescribes almost unrelieved solitude, are bad for persons of Mr. Townley Gore's sort; and they proved bad for him: he was thrown too much upon the risky resources of eating and drinking, and the enemy made advances upon him. Of course he was terribly cut up, as he told his doctor, in entire good faith, by Mr. Horndean's death, but he was in reality "cut up" only about himself. His wife behaved admirably; she was anxious about her brother, and there was a great deal to be done; but she never worried him, she seemed perfectly equal to it all. Mr. Townley Gore disliked, with all the force of his selfish and ease-loving nature, the proximity of death; the pressure of the one supreme and inevitable fact upon his attention was extremely irksome to him, for there was no escaping from it. He secluded himself strictly in the handsome suite of rooms which he always occupied in Mr. Horndean's house; but there was no getting away from the consciousness that the end of all the pleasantness, which, albeit somewhat disproportionately tempered with gout of late, his soul still loved, was coming with the even-footed hours. "One can't forget it in a house whose master is lying dead," Mr. Townley Gore would say to himself peevishly, quite convinced that in the forgetting, and not in the constant remembering, are peace and wisdom. Thus, time dragged heavily within the fine old mansion, where so many masters of it had lain dead, and the arrival of the day fixed for the funeral was looked for as a relief by all.

Early on the morning of the appointed day, a telegram from her brother was

handed to Mrs. Townley Gore. It had been despatched from Charing Cross, and it contained these words:

"I have been dangerously ill. Learned the news only yesterday. I am coming down by first train. A friend comes with me."

CHAPTER XVIII. MR. LORTON'S FRIEND.

THE grave of the late owner of Horndean had been made alongside of the roomy vault—well filled, however, and with not a place to spare—of the Charlecotes. The entrance to the vault was bricked up now; the key was put away with the family papers in the strong-room of an eminent solicitor in London, who had superintended the very last of the family affairs. There was no earthly reason why that key should not have been sold for old iron, and those family papers for remaking into fair white and blue stationery, for there was no longer a family to be "wanted" by death, or to have its business done by lawyers. The new grave now hid the successor to the Charlecotes from the sight of men, and for the second time a stranger had come to the place, whence their very name had vanished. So small a group of mourners had rarely been seen at the funeral of a man of local station and importance. It was composed of the clergyman, the doctor, Mr. Townley Gore, Mr. Lorton, and a fifth individual, whom nobody among the little crowd assembled to witness the interment could identify.

The people about Horndean were mostly well-to-do comfortable farmers; the working classes were well off, employment was plenty, there was a sturdy, not to say rude spirit of independence among them, and what sort of person the new-comer at the old place might be mattered very little to them.

Still there was some curiosity on the point, as it had got out before the funeral that the place was left to one not of kin to the last owner; so that the bystanders looked with interest for the appearance of the lucky man.

Everything was quite as it should be—very handsome and very orderly; and if looking ill was to be regarded as an indication of grief, the late Mr. Horndean had at least one sincere mourner.

"Mr. Lorton looks as if he might soon be going to his own funeral," said an Irish nursemaid who was indulging her young charges with a spectacle which, in the

country she came from, is regarded as a treat, apart from associations.

"He do look bad, to be sure," assented her companion; "but who's that, I wonder, with the black mustachers; him as ain't a-mindin' of parson, and keeps a-lookin' up at the tower so? P'raps he's a walet."

"No, no; if he was, he'd be with the servants, and have a hat-band and a scarf. He's a friend."

"He ain't a friend of the corpse, then; for he's a fidgetin' and a yawnin'. There! It's over, and he's a goin' to 'ave a good look at the tower. He's a handlin' of the hivy now. I say, he is a good-lookin' fellow, ain't he, and walks about as heasy as if he was a lord."

"May be he is a lord."

"No he ain't. Bless you! there don't never no lords come about 'Ornden. There was a mort on 'em when it was the Chase, mother says. See! they're going."

The little party was indeed leaving the churchyard, and the straggler, whose proceedings had been observed by the two girls, joined his friends at the lich-gate.

In the road below, under the trees, now clothed with their beautiful tender green, were two carriages. Into the first Mr. Townley Gore hoisted himself, with some difficulty and a stifled groan, the doctor followed him; the second conveyed Mr. Lorton and the stranger.

"Now then, Fred, for the will," said the latter, as soon as they had lost sight of the churchyard-gate.

"Fred" did not make any reply to this cheery and doubtless well-meant remark. He looked out of the carriage-window on his side in an absent sort of way, and his companion, after glancing at him sharply, and muttering that he supposed it would not be the proper thing to light a cigar, but wished it were, held his peace.

The road wound through a peaceful sylvan country, and was shaded almost the whole way by fine trees; the scene was grateful to the mind and the eyes of the stranger; he had sufficient occupation in watching the play of light and shade, and enjoying the effects of colour.

He did not feel himself snubbed in the least; he might perhaps have whistled, if he had not been returning from a funeral; as it was, he only said to himself:

"Poor old Fred! He has been terribly hard hit, and hasn't pulled himself together yet. He will be all right by-and-by."

The stranger looked like a man of light and cheerful temperament; a man who could take the world in which he had lived for five-and-twenty years or so, easily enough. He was good-looking, with bright dark eyes and dark hair, and something, if not foreign, suggestive of his having lived a good deal abroad, in his appearance and manners.

Mr. Lorton had reached Horndean so short a time before the hour appointed for the funeral, that he had only seen his sister for a few minutes in her own room. They had not exchanged a dozen sentences, but Mrs. Townley Gore had been able to convince herself that the explanation of her brother's absence given in his telegram was the true one. His pale face bore traces of severe illness, his eyes were dim and hollow, his features were drawn, his movements were feeble and weary, and his limbs were wasted. His sister could not repress a start on seeing him, nor could she keep a tone of alarm out of her voice. "I have been very ill—down with a bad fever at Amiens," he said; "quite off my head, did not know anybody; should not have been here now if it hadn't been for the good fellow who has come with me. I will tell you all about it by-and-by."

Then he left her, and while the funeral was going on Mrs. Townley Gore devoted more thought than she was in the habit of giving to any matter which was not her own business, in the narrowest sense of the term, to her brother and his affairs.

After luncheon, at which Mrs. Townley Gore did not appear, but the gentlemen were joined by the lawyer who had come down from London, the second part of the day's programme was entered upon. The reading of the will took place in the library, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore, Dr. Scott, the rector of the parish, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Simpson, of the firm of Simpson and Rees, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the legal adviser charged with the Horndean business. When, on one occasion, during the present sojourn of Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore at Horndean, the former recognised in Mr. Simpson, who had come to visit his invalid client, the person who had been entrusted with the posthumous commission of Herbert Rhodes, he had felt a transient sense of awkwardness and discomfort; but it vanished before what was either genuine oblivion, or tact, on the part of Mr. Simpson. That gentleman

did not make any reference to the matter of their former interview. The business that brought him to Horndean this time would not detain him long, and was one that could be made pleasant all round.

Frederick Lorton entered the library the last of the party to be present at the reading of the will. The others were already seated, and Mrs. Townley Gore silently pointed to a chair by the side of her own. Mr. Lorton took it, drew it close to the large leather-covered table, on which Mr. Simpson was in the act of spreading out the imposing-looking document, and resting his arm on the table, supported his head on his hand in an attitude that removed him from the direct line of observation by his sister.

The will, which was dated as far back as the year of Mrs. Townley Gore's marriage, was set forth with the customary costly and preposterous verbiage. To his "ward," Frederick Lorton, the testator bequeathed all his landed property, on the condition that he should assume the name of Horndean; the estate to descend to his heirs general with the same condition. In the event of Frederick Lorton's death without issue, the estate was to pass to the eldest male representative of Mr. Horndean's nearest of kin (named), to descend in the same way and on the same condition. "I make this disposition," so ran the will, "because it is my desire and intention that the estate of Horndean shall be held in the name of Horndean, henceforth and in perpetuity, whether its holder be male or female." To Mrs. Townley Gore he bequeathed five thousand pounds. After these, the most important provisions, the testator proceeded to deal with his cherished possessions, the collection, and on this point his instructions were minute. The gems and precious stones, the china, enamels, and other articles of virtu, were to be heirlooms, and to be kept at Horndean, in their present order, and in the long drawing-room. This, in case that Frederick Lorton should have children, and that the property should therefore be inherited, as he hoped it might be, by persons who would have a traditional knowledge of himself, his tastes, and the value which he set on these things. But, in the contrary event, and in case of the property passing to the representative of his (the testator's) next of kin, as he could not be assured that such person would be one possessing any knowledge

of the value of his collection, he directed that on Frederick Lorton's death, without issue, the whole should be presented to the Art Museum at M——, the town in which he was born. Some liberal bequests to his servants, and a request that Frederick Lorton should continue to entrust the management of the Horndean estates to Messrs. Simpson and Rees, were included in the provisions of the will. With these the document concluded, and Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore had heard it read with entire equanimity. They had both been long aware of the general nature of its provisions, its noble endowment of Frederick Lorton, and handsome bequest to themselves. The minor matters did not concern them. But, when Mr. Simpson had finished reading the will, and just as his hearers were about to speak, instead of turning to the heir with the customary congratulations, he kept his eyes on the sheets of parchment before him, and said:

"There is a codicil, made three years ago, which I shall now read."

Mrs. Townley Gore glanced at her husband in some alarm, and Mr. Lorton slightly changed his attitude. Three years ago! That was the time at which he and his former guardian had fallen out more seriously than in their long course of quarrels they had ever done before; that was the time from which Mrs. Townley Gore had begun to despair of her brother's ever coming to much good—and especially to that supreme good, the inheritance of Horndean—and to be beset by the fear that her old friend's own words had only recently dispelled. The codicil was brief, emphatically worded, and to the effect that if, at the period of the testator's death, it should be found that Frederick Lorton had contracted marriage without the knowledge of the testator, the previous bequests to him should become null and void, and the whole of the property named and described in the will should pass to the representative of the testator's nearest of kin (named) on the before-mentioned conditions.

Persons who have observed the demeanour of prisoners on trial on a capital charge have remarked that there is one respect in which they are all alike: it is the physical manifestation of the effect produced upon them by the delivery of the verdict. When that fateful utterance is "Not guilty!" the prisoner at the bar draws a long, deep breath; when it is "Guilty,"

the doomed wretch opens his dry mouth like a fish, and the tongue clicks against the palate. Perhaps, if one had opportunities of observation, it would be found that the termination of any kind of serious suspense, for good or ill, manifests itself in one of these two ways.

When Mr. Simpson, having read the codicil through, laid his hand flat upon the document, and said, "That is all," Frederick Lorton drew a long, deep breath.

All who were present rose, and a few words were spoken; those of Mr. Simpson were most to the purpose:

"I presume I may congratulate you, freely, and without reserve, Mr. Lorton?"

"Thank you, Mr. Simpson, you may. I am not a married man."

"I shall leave you all to talk over things for a while," said Mrs. Townley Gore. "And perhaps you, Frederick, will join me presently, in the rose-walk. Mr. Simpson, I know, must catch the train."

She took a gracious leave of the lawyer and left the room.

The men resumed their seats, and, with the exception of Mr. Lorton, began to talk.

"About this nearest of kin, this Richard Smith, formerly of Nottingham," said Mr. Townley Gore; "where and what is he? I never heard Mr. Horndean mention his name."

"Nor did I," said Mr. Simpson, "except when I took his instructions for that will ten years ago. I know nothing about him."

"Seems rather vague, does it not? A Richard Smith, formerly of Nottingham."

"Well, perhaps it does; but, in the highly improbable event (with a slight bow to the heir) provided for by this," he was folding up the crackly parchment as he spoke, "I think we should not have much difficulty in tracing the nearest of kin."

Mrs. Townley Gore rarely found herself in any situation of which she was not mistress; in the present instance, however, she was not so entirely composed and comfortable as she could have wished to be, and her preoccupation gave to her aspect a subdued gravity that was really becoming under the circumstances. Her manner was almost always correct, but absolute perfection of demeanour cannot, after all, invariably subsist with entire heartlessness; that fatal flaw will make itself evident sometimes, and had she not had a secret

cause of disturbance which troubled her serenity, it would have manifested itself now in the callousness with which she would have treated the solemnities of a death and a burial.

Her brother Frederick was now in sober earnest the important personage she had long hoped he might some day become; and she was not at all sure how she stood with him. His illness accounted for a good deal of his conduct with regard to herself, but it did not account for it all. What if she should find that he still resented her method of meeting him when he had last applied to her in one of those frequent scrapes of which she had at length wearied to the imprudent point of bullying him? Mrs. Townley Gore, whose faith in her own infallibility was almost the only faith of which she was capable, actually found herself in the condition in which, when it happened to suit her convenience to go to church, she declared herself to be—that of wishing that she had left undone something which she had done, and done something which she had left undone. She wished she had not written that very sharp letter to Frederick last summer; all she had said was quite true, and more than deserved, still she wished she had not allowed herself to prove to him with irresistible force how much wiser, cleverer, and stronger she was than he. The demonstration had wounded his vanity. Men were so horribly vain! Then she wished she had kept Frederick with her, or near her, instead of losing sight of him for so long an interval. Who could tell what influence he had now come under? It was easy to be wise after the fact, and to think it would have been worth while to put up with some inconvenience for the few months during which Mr. Horndean's life had been destined to last, but even without that display of posthumous wisdom she might have adopted a better policy with Frederick. Who had he been with? In bad company of course; he always was in bad company when free to choose his own; and though there was nothing to fear on the old score—that miserable girl, the paltry, painted actress, about whom Mr. Horndean had quarrelled with him, and against whom the will was intended as a defence, had been burnt to death, poor wretch, and was out of the way—who could say that Frederick had not opened a new score? This very first day would decide the question of her own position with him; if he meant fight he would show fight when the hour of ex-

planation came. As Mrs. Townley Gore passed slowly up and down the velvetlike greensward, dotted all over with rose-trees, absorbed in thought, she might have been supposed to be thinking of the tenant of the new-made grave that was so near; but she hardly even glanced at that in her meditations. She was of the number of those who bury their dead out of their sight, and with whom they are "out of mind."

She had been in the rose-garden a full hour, now walking, now resting on a garden-seat; when, looking towards the arched opening in a thick, beautifully-kept privet hedge which fenced off the rose kingdom from its meaner neighbours, she saw her brother coming through the arch, but he was not alone.

"How provoking of him," muttered Mrs. Townley Gore, with a dark frown. But she had cleared the frown away before her brother came up to the place where she stood, and said:

"Caroline, this is my good friend, Frank Lisle."

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY LAND LEAGUE.

WYMONDHAM, or Wyndham, is a striking object as seen from the railway. The two fine towers of the large church—one still used, a Norman tower, later in style and less massive than Abbot Baldwin's gateway at Bury; the other a good specimen of perpendicular style but roofless and in ruins—make it look almost continental. But as you walk up from the station and catch sight of the staring red-brick "Friends" meeting-house in its own graveyard, at the entry of the town, your visions of "abroad" disappear, and you are prepared for a very commonplace street with a wooden market-house on somewhat high ground in its centre, in regard to which one would like to know whether the outer staircase is after the old plan or whether it dates from the restoration of twenty years back. A bloater-cart, the driver of which announces himself by ringing a bell as he goes along, reminds you that you are in East Anglia; but there are no Flemish names on the shops to tell of the immigration which, five centuries ago, made this place and so many of its neighbours famous for woollen stuffs. "Le Grice, Draper," is un-English, but certainly does not go farther back than the Edict of Nantes.

But the chief historical interest of Wymondham is its connection with "one Ket,

a tanner," as Hume calls him, "who, heading the Norfolk insurgents in 1549, behaved with the utmost arrogance and outrage."

No one will suspect us of over-fondness for monks; but we are bound to speak the truth. It used to be the fashion to cry: "Sharp fellows, those monks; see how they took care to choose the prettiest spots to settle in." Nowadays we know better; it was in five cases out of six they who made the spot pretty. To this day one Yorkshire dale is well tilled, while those around it are either still wild or else simply planted with larch. Why? because the abbey, whose ruins adorn the well-tilled dale, brought culture where all was alike bleak and barren. No doubt the monks were getting to be what is called "an anachronism;" their work was done; they had waxen fat and fallen idle. The lesser monkeries, especially, and nunneries too, were in many cases what several of the grand monasteries along the Danube still are, very comfortable and select clubs, the members of which belonged to "county families," and had rooms as well as rations provided for them. How far the gross sins charged against them were the invention of those whose interest it was to get up a case, it is useless to enquire. There were bad monks; and human nature being what it is, the proportion of bad to good was probably larger than had they been living natural lives.

Anyhow the monks were good landlords, not merely in the sense in which an old-fashioned Irish landlord before the famine is sometimes called good. They not only let their land low, and did not exact the last penny, but they made and encouraged improvements. They brought in fruit-trees and vegetables—early peas amongst them. If, as the old song says, "they made gude kail on Fridays when they fasted," we may be sure that their improved cabbages found their way into their tenants' gardens. Read in Carlyle's Past and Present how a good abbot behaved; and read in the old chroniclers' accounts of the Fen Country how, throughout that not very promising district, they "made the desert smile." They certainly kept up the dykes which shut out the German Ocean, and which those who got grants of abbey lands did not attempt to do till it was almost too late. All the great draining works, with Dutch engineers and Duke of Bedford's "level," and so on, were mainly needed because what the monks had looked to was by their successors suffered to fall into decay.

"But they used to pauperise the people

by feeding them at their doors." Well, there is always, and seemingly must always be, "a residuum" which cannot feed itself; and in those days there was no poor law. Henry the Eighth tried to get rid of the poor by his savage laws against "valiant beggars;" but, despite the thousands who were hanged, the beggars refused to disappear, and Elizabeth was compelled to make provision for them by law in a way which pauperised at least as effectually as the monastery dole had done. We must not think, however, that it was only the beggars who got up the rebellions in Henry the Eighth's and Edward the Sixth's reign. No doubt it was easier to rebel then than it is now, for, except the servants of the king's household, there were in England only fifty armed men, the yeomen of the guard, receiving pay in time of peace. But the beggars had others on their side—men with consciences, like those who, in 1536, went on what they called "the pilgrimage of Grace for the Commonwealth," who really believed in the old forms and would not be forced to change their faith by Act of Parliament; and men, besides, who found their new landlords very much less "comfortable" than the monks had been.

These last were the people who rose under Kett. The almost simultaneous rising in the west seems to have been mainly religious. The Cornish and Devon men claimed that the mass should be restored, half the abbey lands given back, holy water brought again into use, and so on. The great grievance of the Norfolk men was the enclosure of commons; this was not yet so actively taken in hand in the west; but in what was then the best-tilled part of England, the new owners began enclosing and the old landlords imitated their example, and thus both the small yeoman and the labourer were alike deprived of their immemorial rights of pasturing a cow or two and getting their winter supply of fuel.

We who make a fuss because Sir Thomas Marion Wilson threatens to build over Hampstead Heath, or because Epping Forest is threatened, or a railway is planned across Wimbledon Common, can hardly understand the feeling with which a "commoner," four hundred and fifty years ago, watched the enclosures which began the moment the abbeys were suppressed. It is only our pleasure, at most our health, which is threatened; it was their life.

For things then were in a bad way; the coinage was as much debased as if England had been France; and therefore,

of course, all provisions were even dearer than the great rise in prices which followed the coming in of American gold had made them; while wages, which had been fixed by the Statute of Labourers in the twenty-fifth year of Edward the Third, after the Black Death, continued to be paid in the old rates in the base coin.

Another grievance was that the king's purveyors, who purveyed a deal more than his majesty had any need of, only paid half price for what they took, and that not without long delay.

But the great mischief was that the downfall of the Church had made a gulf between rich and poor. So long as all believed in a church which professed to have the keys of heaven and hell, and which chose its ministers both from the richest and from the poorest, all pulled fairly well together; what risings there were, of Wat Tyler and such-like, were against an unjust tax, or because the regraters were supposed to have pushed up the price of corn.

John Ball, the Kentish priest, indeed, had got some of the communist notions which arose abroad when, with the dawn of the Reformation, men began to think; but there had been no regular trial of strength between the "haves" and the "have nots" till the monasteries were suppressed. Then the "haves" began enclosing commons, and the "have nots"

Cast hedge and dyche into the lake
Fyxed with many a stake,
Though it was never so faste,
Yet asonder it is waste.

The old, good-natured, easy-going landlords had given place to a set as rapacious as the land-jobbers who chiefly profited by the Encumbered Estates' sales in the Irish famine time.

Hitherto, the old idea that the land belonged to the community, that the landlord merely had the use of it for performing certain services to the State, had been strong. The commissioners for the redress of grievances reported, in 1548, that when the corn was in, the whole parish had the right of common. There were no hedges, different proprietors had their "baulkes" (ridges) of corn.

But the new men would not suffer such a kind of joint partnership. They had (in John Knox's words) "pulled down the craws' nests," and had built their own in the place; and they were all for strong fences and every man to himself. The stubbles, of which the cattle and hogs of the parish had had the run, were as closely

looked after by the owners as if partridge-shooting had been known; and everywhere the object of the new landlords was to clear off the labouring population, and lay down sheep-pasture instead of growing corn.

Wherever there was a rising, one of the aims of the rioters was to compel the sheepmasters to keep a fair proportion of kine and rear calves; but as wool paid wonderfully, it was too much to expect a landowner to grow less wool in order, practically, to keep down the price of beef. In East Anglia another cry was: "No new saffron-grounds!"—a cry which reminds us of the outcry against growing indigo instead of rice in Bengal. It was not only those who suffered by the change who deplored it. Several of Henry the Eighth's statesmen were wholly adverse to the new order of things.

Thus, Sir Thomas More, in *Utopia*, writes as angrily as ever Highlander spoke of the sheep, "the accursed grey" that unpeoples the glens: "Your sheep may be said now to devour men and unpeople not only villages, but towns. . . . whole estates being laid waste by enclosures" (i.e. thrown out of tillage into pasture), the inhabitants being driven off as a useless burden.

The Duke of Somerset, in 1549, writes to Sir Philip Hoby: "The causes and pretences of these uproars and risings are divers and uncertain, and so full of variety in every camp, as they call them, that it is hard to write what it is, as ye know is like to be of people without head and rule, and that would have they wot not what. Some crieth, 'Pluck down enclosures and parks.' Some for their commons. Other pretendeth religion. A number would rule another while and direct things as gentlemen have done."

The East Anglians had a notion that the deliverer was to come by sea, landing at Welbourne Hope, an old landing-place of the Danes, where, by-the-way, during the long French war, it was confidently predicted that "Boney" would try to land, according to the prophecy:

He that would England win,
Must at Weybourne Hope begin.

There had already been an attempt in 1537, under Sir Nicholas Myleham, sub-prior of Walsingham, but that was chiefly religious; Kett disowned any desire to go back to the old religion. "The proprietary persons," said he, "are not wrong in doctrine; they do their duty badly."

The nobles were not disposed to conciliate. Paget, a grantee of much abbey-

land (Lord Anglesea is still abbot, and rector, and vicar of Burton-on-Trent), advised Somerset to send for Almayn horsemen, and the cry was: "Hang the ripest;" so that the other side was driven to despair. Repression had succeeded abroad; the Reformation in Germany had not brought any temporal advantage to the peasants.

Granville, minister of Charles the Fifth, writes (Edward the Sixth State Papers): "Marry, we hear say your commons at home font grand barbularye; but it is nothing if Monsieur Protector step to it betimes with the sword of justice in his hand, as the Emperor did."

Monsieur Protector began vigorously; it became dangerous to talk politics. At Aylsham Elizabeth Wood was taken up for saying, in the hearing of John Dix, he leaning on his shop-window: "It was pity these Walsingham men were discovered, for we shall never have good world till we fall together by the ears, and," she added, quoting an old rhyme:

"With clubbes and clouted shoone
Shall the deed be done."

The time was well chosen; many of the gentry and their servants were away on the Scottish wars, the Lincoln rising in 1536 had drawn off many others, and the speakers at the mass meetings did not fail to notice how this fact made things easy for them.

Here is an account from the Exchequer papers (Treasury of Receipt) of how things were going on.

In 1540, John Walker, of Grixton, said: "yf iij or iiij good felowes wold ryde in the nyght with every man a belle, and cry in every towne To Swaffham! by morning ther wold be ten thousand assemblyd at the lest; and then one bold felowe to stande forth and say, Syrs you knowe howe all the gentylmen in manner be gone forth and you knowe how lytyll favor they have to us pore men: let us therefore nowe go home to ther hows and as many as wyll not tirn to us let us kylle them ye even ther chyldern in the cradelles; for yt were a good thinge yf there were so many jentylnen in Norffolk as ther be whyt bulles." They were then to go to Lynn and intercept the gentry as they returned from putting down the rising in the North, and kill all that "wyll not tirn." But, whatever preparation there might have been, the actual beginning of the insurrection was a mere village brawl. Kett and Flowerdew were at odds. Kett and the chief

inhabitants of Wymondham had wished to save the church, and had bought it and its bells from the king; but Serjeant Flowerdew, who had got some of the Abbey land,* carried off the lead and almost demolished the chancel. When, therefore, the Attleborough men, who had had some practice in pulling down fences, came into Wymondham to act in the chapel that stood in the town-street the play commemorating the translation of St. Thomas à Becket, they began to throw down Flowerdew's hedges. Whereupon he gave them forty pence to throw down Kett's; but Kett pulled them down himself, and said he would try to get them redress. They proposed having him at once for their leader; and so, after making them a speech under a tree at Hethersett, long known as Kett's Oak, he led them towards Norwich. As they marched they levelled hedge and ditch, and captured any gentry who came in their way. The mayor refused them a passage through the city; so they pushed on to Mousehold (Mussel) Heath, throwing tree-trunks across the river to widen Hellesdon Bridge. There they camped and lit beacons, while their friends in the city kept ringing the alarm-bells, and the stream of men poured in from all sides till they mustered over 16,000. They kept good order, and morning and evening, Thomas Coniers, whom they had made chaplain, read prayers in English. There were smaller camps at Lynn, Downham, and Castle Rising; and one body of insurgents nearly surprised Yarmouth.

How were they fed? The following notice, signed by Kett and two delegates from each hundred, seems to prove that they meant to pay their way: "We the King's friends and deputies, do grant license to all men to bring into the camp all manner of cattle and provisions of vittels, so that no injury be done to any honest or poor man."

Among other things they petitioned:

"That no lord of no mannor shall comon upon the comons.

"That all bushells within the realme be of one stice.

"That prests be unable to buy land free or bondy.

"That prests which be not able to preche be putt from hys benyfyce and the parisheners or else the patron to chose an other.

"That no prest be a chaplain and therefore non-resident.

"That every parson having a benyfyce of x^l or more shall eyther by themselves or by some other persone teche pore men's children of the parish the cathakysme and prymer.

"That tithes be not taken in kind, but viii^d of the noble in full discharge of all.

"That everyone have free fishing in the rivers."

The petition wound up as follows: "We pray that all bondemen may be made fre, for God made all fre with his precious blode-sheddyng."

At first there was a good deal of plundering, under pretext of searching for powder, etc., Paston Hall (well known from the Paston Letters) being one of the places visited. But Kett set up his court under "the Reformation Oak," and strictly repressed all license. Meanwhile, the gentry were in a panic. "In noe place durst one gentleman keepe his house; but were faine to spoile themselves of theyr apparell and lye and keepe in woods and lownde places wher noe resort was." Codd, mayor of Norwich, had a hard task. To save the city from plunder, he made terms with the rebels after they had seized the gates and were threatening the shops; but when they refused the king's pardon, Kett, crying out to the herald: "They pardon the wicked," and appealing to his followers: "Don't forsake me now," Codd broke with them, drove out the few who were inside, and shut the gates. But Norwich was "like a great volume in a bad cover, having at best but parchment walls about it," so that Kett's men broke in several times. "Once they made a stand in Tombland (near the cathedral), and fired their arrows, killing three or four gentlemen, but Captain Drury and his arquebusiers with a terrible volley put them all to flight as in a moment." Another time, when the king's troops attacked them with cannon on Mousehold Heath, they made a rush, and with nothing but staves and pitchforks slew the gunners and captured the ordnance, "with which they grievously battered the city, beating down the tower at Bishop's Gate, nay, they would have destroyed everything had they not fired too high." Their not being daunted by the cannon, which generally in those days gave the triumph to authority, making rebellion much harder than it had been before artillery came into use, shows their bravery, which is confirmed by the story that their wounded plucked

* The Abbey was founded in Henry the Second's time by William de Alban, his butler.

out the arrows that had struck them, and handed them to their fellows to fire back. All these details are given in most grandiloquent style by Alexander Nevville, Archbishop Parker's secretary. He made speeches for both sides after the old classical fashion, and his Latin was so admired, that an Order in Council directed his book, *De Furoribus Norfolcensium*, to be read in all grammar schools instead of the heathen poets. Parker, himself, came to Mousehold, and Kett gave him leave to climb up into the Reformation Oak to preach. Some thought him charming; others cried "How long shall we hear this hireling priest?" and, as the crowd surged round the tree, their spear-points came very near the preacher's legs. Coniers, seeing his danger, got the choristers to begin the *Te Deum*, "which so bewitched them that they let Parker come down; and, lest he should be kept as a hostage, he was sent off that afternoon." To disarm suspicion, Parker got a farrier to take off his horse's shoes, and cut the hoofs to the quick, rubbing them with oil, as if it was intended to give them a long rest. However, he and his brother led them that same day to Cambridge.

Meanwhile, Codd was a prisoner among the rebels and in peril of his life, for a message was sent out one day that anyone who came to camp on the morrow should buy a cod's head for a penny. Kett, however, was able to save him, though the coming up of the Marquis of Northampton with many knights and fifteen hundred men made the insurgents desperate. There was another fight, and the new comers were driven out after a fierce struggle, in which, says Nevville, the rebels, when cut down and dying, crawled along on their knees and wounded our men.

But another battle before the Bishop's Gate turned the tables on the gentry. Lord Sheffield was "clubbed" to death, and Northampton evacuated the city.

Things were growing serious. The king offered the command to Somerset, and he sent John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who on his way picked up all the Norfolk gentry who had escaped seizure. The rebels had not thought of fortifying the gates. They were intent on burning, at the Common Staith, the "stuff" of the citizens who had fled. Warwick marched in, driving all before him; but his men seemed so few that the townsmen besought him to go out till he got more help. He refused, and made all his soldiers kiss their

swords and swear to win or die. He then broke down the bridges and waited for reinforcements.

All this time it must have been hard to feed the thousands on Mousehold Heath. Nevville tells of "surfeiting and revelling," and three thousand beeves and twenty thousand sheep, not to speak of swans and geese and smaller birds, devoured in a few days, while, if "a wether was sold for a groat," the farmers must have lost considerably. Nor was drink wanting to wash down all this meat. One of Kett's "mandates" is preserved:

"We do require you, and in the king's name do straitly charge you, John of Yarmouth, that you do repair home, and bring with you, with as much speed as may be, a last of beer to maintain your poor neighbours withal, and if any man let you in this business, he shall suffer imprisonment of body.

"From Mousehold, this x. August,

"by me, ROBERT KETT.

"by me, THOMAS ALDRICH."

This Aldrich of Mangren Hall thought, like Codd, that he could prevent excesses by working with Kett. Provisions, however, began to run short; or else it was the old prophecy:

The country gnoffes, Hob, Dick, and Hick,

With clubbes and clouted shoon,

Shall fill the vale of Dussindale

With slaughtered bodies soon,

which induced the rebels to leave their strong hill and go just where Warwick's horse (he had been joined by eleven hundred "lance-knights") would have an immense advantage. On the twenty-sixth of August they moved down, "with twenty ancients and ensigns, of warre," as Nevville's translator, republished by the Rev. F. W. Russell, has it. Here they entrenched themselves, "pitching their javelins and stakes in the ground before them, like Roman soldiers, and, putting their ordnance on their flanks, they awaited Warwick's attack, undismayed by ill omens, notably a snake which, leaping out of a rotten tree, did spring directly into the bosom of Kett's wife."

Warwick summoned them to surrender to the king's clemency, and on their refusal, told his men to give no quarter, but "repute the rebellis not for men, but for bruit beasts induid with all crueltie and with an irrecoverable madnesse."

The rebels had put their gentlemen-prisoners in front, chained together; but Myles, Kett's clever gunner, having fired

a shot that killed the king's standard-bearer, the soldiers discharged such a volley as broke the rebel ranks, and enabled most of the gentlemen to get away. Then the horse, seeing the confusion caused by "the often shot of the gunners and harquebusiers," charged, and drove them like sheep. They, however, soon turned, and made a desperate stand, till "the force of the shot" finally put them to flight. Kett, with five or six other leaders, fled secretly; and the king's horse slew about three thousand five hundred. But even then, with the courage of despair, the rebels made another stand, "seizing swords and spears from the dead bodies, and arranging their carts and carriages to make an excellent barricade, within which they swore that they would conquer or die." When, however, Warwick sent a herald, promising them impunity if they laid down their arms, or, if not, threatening to kill them to the last man, they asked how they were to know that the promise was not a device of the nobles. So Warwick came and read out the king's commission, and all the rebels, crying with one mouth, "God save King Edward!" were saved from the jaws of death.

The spoil was given to the soldiers, who "made good peniworths" by selling it in Norwich market. The soldiers, too, killed several chief townsmen who had given large money to have their lives spared.

Kett, when his horse broke down only eight miles from the city, took refuge in a barn, and made no attempt to escape. Nevylle describes him as brought into Norwich "lamenting and howling, pale for fear, doubting and despairing of life."

Then began, as usual, the hanging, drawing, and quartering; and so fierce were the gentry that, much as Cromwell by-and-by advised Ireton to spare some of the native Irish to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, Warwick warned them, if they so went on, they would have to be ploughmen themselves, and harrow their own fields. The Ketts, alias "Chats," or Knights (their pedigree goes back to King John's day, and one of the name was afterwards burned in Queen Mary's reign), were tried for levying war, and Robert, lord of Wymondham Manor, was hanged in chains on Norwich Castle, his brother on Wymondham steeple, and there the bodies remained, despite several attempts to take them down.

Thanksgivings were ordered in all the churches, and a yearly sermon to be

preached on the sin of rebellion. Somerset wrote to Sir Peter Hoby: "In Norfolk the living God hath so wrought by the wysdome and manliness of my Lord of Warwicke that thei also are brought to subjection."

Poor Protector! Not much more than two years later he was beheaded on Tower Hill, "the wysdome of my Lord of Warwicke," which had set him at deadly odds with his brother, the High Admiral, Lord Seymour, having wrought his destruction also. Nemesis came on Warwick by-and-by; but for the time he seemed to prosper in everything, this speedy overthrow of Kett's rising being only one step in a career of unbroken success.

He had stamped out the anti-commons-enclosure agitation, and broken up the land-league of that day, not much more than a month after the rising began.

People grumbled; a parish clerk was caught saying: "There be yet in Norfolk five hundred gentlemen too many." Much injustice was done. Sir Thomas Wodehouse, for instance, who prayed to be appointed "Vysadmirall of Norfolk and Suffolk," was more than suspected of a desire "to medell with the goodes of them that be ataynted." But things were kept at rest for nearly a century; and when fighting began again in the wars of the Long Parliament, the commons-enclosure grievance had quite passed out of mind, except among a few "levellers," who were as distasteful to Cromwell and Sir Harry Vane as to the staunchest royalist.

THE DEATH-SONG OF ARIADNE.

How cold and dark it is! the earth and sky
Heave as the restless ocean. I am faint,
And cannot rise from off the sea-washed rocks;
And in my ears a rushing, surging sound
Is louder than the roar of waves that break
Against the rocks of Naxos. Woe is me!
I cannot bear the throes of agony
That shoot through all my frame like burning darts.
Oh, what is this? An arrow in my side!
And my white raiment brightly dyed with blood?
What have I done to injure aught that lives?
Whose is the cruel and relentless hand
That strikes me down, when all my life is bliss?
Had the sharp arrow found and slain me when
I dwelt a maiden in my father's house
(Albeit it was a palace passing fair
And I the royal darling of a court),
Methinks I had not shrunk from death. But now,
O Zeus, spare my life! I cannot die;
For Theseus lives, and death would part me from
him!
Oh Theseus, Theseus, Theseus, my one love,
Whose life it was my life's vast joy to save:
My lord, my light, my glory, and my all!
Oh come to me! Doth not thy spirit feel
The agony of mine? Oh come to me;
Let me not die here on the barren rocks
So near thee, yet alone. I cannot bear

Never to hear the music of thy voice,
 Never to look upon thy face again.
 Theseus, my Theseus, it is love that calls;
 And from the call of love should nothing turn
 Nor dying mortals, nor the undying gods.
 Hark! hark! Far off, with love's unerring ear,
 Which e'en this deadly faintness cannot dull,
 I hear the measured music of his step.
 Zeus, I thank thee—thou art pitiful.
 My love, thy arms are round me, and my head!
 Is pillowed on thy breast, whilst thy dear hand—
 The hand whose lightest love-touch I should know
 Amidst ten thousand—tries to stem the tide
 Of swiftly-flowing blood. It may not be.
 Deep hath the arrow pierced, and I must die.
 But all the bitterness of death is passed,
 Encompassed by thy love I have no fear
 (There is no room for fear in perfect love).
 Since thou art with me 'tis not hard to die.
 My sight is failing. Now, my lord and love,
 Bend low thy glorious face, that once again
 My eyes may rest upon it. Let thy hand
 With old familiar gesture stroke my hair,
 And I will sleep and dream this is not death.
 How soothing is thy touch! All, all grows dark.
 It is as night; and in the vaulted sky
 I see the dawning light of sevenfold stars
 Which draw my spirit to them. Must I go?
 Art thou not strong enough, with all thy strength,
 To hold me back from Heaven? Fare thee well!
 Being a mortal, mighty as thou art,
 Thou canst not wrestle with th' immortal gods.
 Love, in my home girt round with sevenfold light,
 No other love shall enter. There (till death
 Shall raise thee also to th' immortal life)
 Thy bride, thy Ariadne, waits for thee:
 Thou wilt not fail me—surely thou wilt come!

ROSES AND HOLLY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

MOST people who know Rouen know the Hôtel d'Angleterre, in its cheerful noisy situation on the Quai. One has heard different opinions expressed of it, as of most hotels, but it was never more cordially liked, or even loved, than by Jack and Jenny Falconer, who spent a few days there in the early summer of 1879.

The weather was of course horrible, varying from wet and cold to wet and stuffy. But Jenny had never crossed the Channel before, and to her mind French rain shared the superiority of other French things. One could walk about in it all day without getting wet, she declared. Jack agreed with her as to the charms of Rouen, the hotel, and the rain. He was not always so enthusiastic, but it so happened that the day after their arrival he fell in love. I cannot say it was the first time he had done this foolish thing. But as he was constantly being reminded by his friends and relations that it would be no use thinking of marrying till he was five-and-forty, he had found it necessary to nip off without remorse two or three budding fancies of his. For he could not expect anyone to wait for him twenty years.

"Girls want so much in these days," said his advisers.

Jack sighed and supposed they did.

Jenny was his sister, ten years younger than himself, and his devoted friend. These two young people, whose good birth and scanty fortunes were witnessed to by their appearance, and who, in planning a rough tour in Normandy, had not counted on meeting any civilised compatriots, were sitting in one of the white-curtained windows of the little salon, looking out at the men and women who tripped merrily past under the trees and the darkening sky. There were one or two other people in the room, but they were not interesting. Jenny looked out, and made little exclamations, and kept up a constant low-voiced talk with her brother. Now and then she leaned back in her chair for a moment, with eyes half closed, as if she wanted to realise where she was; but the merry brown eyes were soon wide open again and dancing with pleasure.

"Oh Jack, here's something beautiful coming in!" she murmured, happening to look round at the door.

"I wish it was dinner," said Jack; but then he held his tongue, perceiving that Jenny was right, and quietly watched three ladies following each other into the room.

First, there was the mother, a tall thin woman, whom Jack and Jenny at first thought very awful and dignified, discovering afterwards that she was as meek as a lamb. Then there were two girls, one a bonny good-natured-looking person, the other the beauty who had so suddenly impressed both the young travellers. She was very handsome; she looked rather tired and indifferent, and was wrapped in a Shetland shawl. She had large blue eyes, and marked black eyebrows, and dark smooth hair. She looked slowly round the room, letting her eyes linger a moment on the bright attractive faces of Jack and Jenny, which were now turned to the window again. She sat down near her mother and sister, and they spoke to each other in a low voice. They were evidently people who considered themselves of importance.

Very soon after they came in dinner was ready, and Jenny had the happiness of placing herself next to the admired object, who took no notice of her. But not in this way was Jenny to be repressed. She had studied the poets, who had convinced her that the greatest ladies had hearts and

minds like the smallest, and cared just as much to be liked, and admired, and amused. Jack wished very much, in his place beyond Jenny, that Jenny's neighbour would be good-natured enough to speak to her. He was startled by Jenny's suddenly beginning to talk to her neighbour, and could hardly refrain from giving the child an admonishing nudge, but waited a moment, and saw that it was not necessary. Jenny, with a beaming face, had begun by asking the beauty whether Rouen was not the most charming old town she had ever seen.

"I haven't seen it yet," was the answer, given with an amiable and slightly amused smile. "We only came just now, and I thought the drive from the station hideous. Rouen ought to be old, surely, and it looks as new as Paris."

"But isn't Paris beautiful!" exclaimed Jenny. "Oh, but you haven't seen the old streets, and the churches, and the Palais de Justice, and the Grosse Horloge. That, I do think, is the jolliest of all. Isn't it, Jack?"

"I shall see it all, no doubt," said the young lady, with a momentary glance past Jenny at her brother, who was looking supernaturally grave. "What is the Grosse Horloge? Is it in the cathedral?"

"Explain, Jack," said Jenny.

Jack looked up rather timidly, and met the questioner's blue eyes. They were quite calm and agreeable; she did not in the least share or understand his shyness.

"An old clock on an old archway, corner of four streets, sixteenth century, curious bas-reliefs and things," he said, and he quite hated Jenny for bringing him out in the character of a guide-book.

"Thank you," said the stranger, still looking very amiable; and then she asked Jenny some other question, which the child answered in her usual chatterbox fashion.

The beauty's mother, who was sitting on the other side of her, and her sister, who was beyond again, presently joined in the conversation, and Jack was again drawn into it. By the time dinner was over he had quite recovered his good temper, and was much pleased to see that the ladies did not seem tired of Jenny, but went on talking to her in the salon. But now it was the other sister who stood at the window with her, for the beauty wrapped herself in her shawl and retired to a corner with a novel.

Jack lighted a cigar and went out. It was not raining, though everything was

wet, and he came and stood outside the open window and talked to the two girls.

"Greet thy brother and pass on!" It is just that in travelling, for these people who were laughing together and liking each other's company had not even an idea of each other's name.

It grew darker; the stars came out, the lamps were lit, a thousand more lights danced and trembled on the blackness of the Seine.

Then came the voice of the newspaperman hurrying along the quay. "*La France, d'mandez la France!*" Things become precious by their associations, and many times since have Jack and Jenny reminded each other of a certain Saturday evening by that commonplace little cry.

Through all the early part of Sunday they had not much intercourse with their friends, except smiles from one table and the other at breakfast time. It was the Fête-Dieu, and Rouen being one of those fortunate towns where processions were not forbidden, Jack and Jenny spent all the morning running after them. They stood with the little crowd of peasants and townspeople under the great grey western arch of the cathedral, while the bells clanged overhead, and slowly, slowly, the gorgeous ranks of priests, and acolytes, and choir-boys, in scarlet and lace, came winding out of the great door. The air was full of incense, the soldiers in the square rattled off with trumpets and kettledrums, and the procession moved away, brilliant in colour under a gloomy sky, down the dark narrow streets hung along with white and festooned with flowers.

In the afternoon they went to Saint-Ouen, and saw another procession, this time of girls and children with wreaths on their curled heads, all dressed in white and blue and marshalled by Sisters of Charity. The sun broke out as this army crossed the great Place de la République, with a blaze of heat that almost made one wish for the clouds back again. Jack and Jenny went back into the church for coolness, and there they found their friends, whom they had missed in the crowd, and under those tall, solemn springing arches they wandered about together for a long time. Afterwards they went into the garden, and sat under the chestnut-trees, and Jack forgot his rough tourist clothes, and made himself most agreeable. Stella, as he and Jenny had named her, was delightfully provoking. She declared that she hated sight-seeing, and above all things cathe-

drals; they were all alike, and all tiring and tiresome. She would not go to the museum; she was perfectly sick of old china; old streets smelt nasty. Altogether she hated being abroad, and would be very glad to find herself in England again. Jenny listened in horror, which deepened as she actually heard Jack agreeing with some of these sentiments. Still she was pretty sure that Stella liked one thing, and that was, talking to Jack. Jenny herself thought she had never seen Jack looking so handsome; and, dear me! Jenny wondered whether, when she grew up, anyone would ever look at her as Jack looked at Stella, and whether she would be able to preserve such a cool easy air as Stella did through it all!

In the evening it poured with rain, but time did not hang heavy to any of these young people. The mother was perhaps rather bored; she sat by the table turning over "Galignani," and yawned several times. Her two daughters were sitting in the window nearest the door, with Jack and Jenny in attendance. The window was open, for it was very warm, and on the broad asphalt pavement the rain was splashing and dancing in a number of little fountains. People, as they hurried by the woman in the newspaper kiosk opposite, looked up and saw four laughing faces at the window of the hotel. The young English travellers were full of childish jokes. They laughed at the rain, at the passers-by, at the melancholy shiver in the voice of "La France," as he came splashing along on his nightly round. At last the mother joined them, and put an end to all this foolish jollity by inviting her daughters to go to bed, and adding something about "our journey to-morrow." The faces of Jack and Jenny fell each a yard.

"You're not going to-morrow!" said Jenny tragically.

"Yes; to-morrow, in the middle of the day," answered Stella's sister, with unfeeling cheerfulness.

"Oh Jack, do you hear that!" exclaimed Jenny. "And we have got to stay here till Wednesday! Oh dear, what shall we do!"

"We must be thankful for past blessings," said Jack. "It is dreadful news, though."

Jenny shook her head and sighed deeply. The mother smiled, the sister laughed. Stella lifted her eyes and looked at Jack; the effort with which he spoke had impressed her a little. For one instant they

looked at each other. Stella was suddenly grave, and not indifferent; there was even some slight trouble in her face, which Jack watched for a moment after she had turned her eyes away, wondering what it meant.

The next morning was rather finer. Jack and Jenny had a little talk after breakfast with their friends, and Jack, hearing Stella's mother lamenting over all she had to do, begged to know if he could help her in any way. After a little hesitation she gave him a card, and asked him to be so kind, when he went out, as to fetch her letters from the post-office. Thus Jack discovered that her name was Meyrick—Mrs. Lionel Meyrick. Jenny, whose provincial young mind had decided that she was a countess, was rather disappointed.

There was only one letter for Mrs. Meyrick, which Jack conveyed at once back to the hotel. She was standing alone in the salon, apparently waiting for it.

"Now you know my name," she said very sweetly to Jack, "so I hope you will tell me yours. Falconer," she went on, when Jack had obeyed; "that is a name I know. Have you any relations in Dorsetshire?"

"No, not that I ever heard of," answered Jack.

"Ah well—now I must go, for I have a great deal to do," said she. "I daresay we shall see you again to say good-bye."

She nodded her head and went away upstairs.

"Well, what are we to do?" said Jack. "We can't stay indoors all the morning, and yet we must not be out too long. I know. Come along, Jenny."

Jack divulged his plans as they hurried along the Quai, and up the Rue du Grand Pont and the Rue des Carmes, where Jenny was much tempted by the fascinating shop-windows. But at last they came to the flower-market, crowded with sweet white pinks and a goodly mixture of roses. Jack bought a great bunch of the reddest roses, and paid at once what their smiling seller chose to ask. Jenny, who had seldom bought flowers, was surprised at their cheapness. Jack was not, but being a poor man, he liked being cheated better than bargaining. He carried them back to the hotel, admired by everyone in the streets, and arranged with Jenny that she should take them up to Mrs. Meyrick's door, and give them, if possible, into Stella's own hands.

"Miss Meyrick—I thought she was something much grander than that," said

Jenny. "But there's one good thing, Jack; she is not above you, as I thought she was. Not so far beyond your reach."

"What nonsense you talk!" said Jack. "Above me, indeed! When a man's a gentleman, there's no obstacle except money. That is an awful one, and Miss Meyrick may easily be as rich or richer than any nobleman's daughter in the kingdom. They don't travel like millionaires, though."

"No; I don't believe they have even a maid," said Jenny.

When they got to the hotel, Jenny took the roses and went along the hall. Madame, in her office, and the *femmes-de-chambre* on their bench outside, all made exclamations at this sudden entrance of summer.

Jack lingered a moment at the door, undecided whether he should go out again or turn into the salon. Before he did either, Jenny, at the foot of the stairs, turned her head and beckoned to him. He was beside her in a moment, and they mounted the first few steps together. The dark twisted staircase, with its mottled carpet, was for once the background of a picture, for Stella was coming down alone. She would have passed the brother and sister with a smile, but her eyes fell on the roses, and she exclaimed: "How lovely!" almost in spite of herself.

"They are for you," said Jenny, holding them out to her.

"For me?" said Stella, smiling quite wonderfully, as she bent down her face to the cool rosy sweetness.

She did not seem to believe it, looking half-amused, half-surprised, as Jenny tried to put the flowers into her hand.

"We thought you might like them on the journey," said Jack, feeling that it was too foolish not to speak at all. "And I hope, when you look at them, you won't forget us instantly."

"It is a great deal too good of you," said Stella. "Mamma and my sister will be delighted."

"They are for you, please," said Jenny.

"Well, I am delighted. But I couldn't be so selfish as to appropriate all this bunch, you know."

"At least you will wear one—this one?" said Jack, disentangling the reddest and sweetest bud of all.

"Very well—thanks. Yes, I will wear it," Stella answered; but there was a shade of something in her manner which warned Jack that he must not presume on her graciousness.

For the moment it made him feel unreasonably miserable. Then she looked at him and smiled so sweetly that he was comforted. She turned round, carrying the flowers, and said she would take them to her mother's room.

"Come with me," she said to Jenny, putting her hand in her arm.

Jenny obeyed joyfully, and Jack retreated downstairs, and went out to walk up and down the Quai, not quite sure whether he had made a fool of himself or not.

Upstairs, Stella very soon gave up Jenny into the care of her good-natured sister, who presently brought her down into the salon. At this time of day they had the room to themselves. Jack walked past the windows now and then, but did not come in. He saw that Stella was not there.

"There's Jack!" said Jenny, jumping up to look after him on one of these occasions. "I should so like to know what you think of Jack," she added, sitting down again by her friend.

"What everybody must think—that he is very good-looking. You are a lucky girl to have such a brother."

"Ah, he's quite perfect. If he was only rich! Shall I tell you what he would do if he was rich—at least, what he would like to do?"

"Yes, tell me," said Miss Meyrick amiably.

"I hardly think I can. You must promise to forgive me, and never to say that I mentioned it."

"Oh, I'll promise anything you like."

Jenny's face had suddenly become scarlet. Her eyes looked large and mysterious. She drew a long breath before speaking.

"Well, he would like to marry your sister. Yes, it's true; he perfectly adores her. Oh, please remember your promise," cried Jenny anxiously.

She was alarmed by the sudden change of expression in her companion's face. Miss Meyrick's agreeable smiles suddenly vanished, and was succeeded by a look of consternation.

"Oh child!" she exclaimed under her breath.

At the first instant Jenny thought she was really angry; but she recovered herself, though still looking very grave, and laid her hand on Jenny's as she sat beside her.

"My sister would be vexed," she said, "if she knew what those roses meant."

"You won't tell her?" said Jenny.

"No, I shall not tell her; but do you know that you are too old to let yourself talk such nonsense? A girl of your age ought to be wiser."

This was said very kindly, and Jenny felt extremely penitent.

"I'm very sorry," she said. "It may be nonsense, but it's true, you know."

"Then listen to me, and I'll tell you something," said Miss Meyrick. "You and your brother had better put this out of your heads as soon as you possibly can. I will tell you a secret in my turn. My sister is—not exactly engaged, but as good as engaged. So you had better forget all about us. Horrid, disappointing people, are we not?"

Miss Meyrick paused and sighed. Then she looked at Jenny and smiled most charmingly. She was not pretty, like Stella, but her manner and smile were irresistible.

"Do kiss me before you go," said Jenny, and she instantly and willingly complied.

"I don't think we shall forget each other very soon," said she.

Poor Jenny was plunged in sadness. She looked on silently and dismally at the departure of their friends, and watched Jack with an almost bitter expression as he helped them and saw them off, with all the politeness of which he was so capable. When they got into the cab, Stella herself was holding the roses, and the bud that Jack had chosen was fastened into her button-hole. She and her mother and sister all smiled and nodded with great friendliness as they drove away. Mrs. Meyrick had gone so far as to hope that they might meet again some day in England, to which Jack responded radiantly. Stella's sister looked at Jenny with kind sympathy, and wished her good-bye specially and affectionately. Jenny understood this, but it did not make her any happier. She was angry with them and with herself, and felt almost glad when they were gone.

That afternoon the sun shone, and white clouds chased each other across a brilliantly blue sky. They drove up to Bon Secours, and there, standing at the foot of the great gilded crucifix in the cemetery, and looking down on that glorious view, Jack suddenly missed Jenny's enthusiasm, and asked what was the matter. Jenny confessed in fear and trembling. Besides the misery of telling Jack such news, she was afraid that by her stupidity she had spoilt the tour in Normandy for them both. But Jack was

never inclined to be hard on his little sister.

"All right," he said. "We won't grudge her the roses."

After some minutes' silence, gazing thoughtfully down the shining valley, he said:

"Don't sulk about it, Jenny, whatever you do. It's the best thing that could have happened, don't you see? Much better than going on talking about them, as we should have done, and getting worse and worse. Now we will both swear not to mention their name for the next month, and to behave properly, and enjoy ourselves. If you attempt to mope, I shall take you straight back home at once."

Jenny agreed to this arrangement as cheerfully as she could, and in all the new and amusing experiences that followed after Rouen, she found less and less difficulty in keeping up her spirits to the mark that Jack had set for her. His own behaviour she thought quite heroic.

Only once or twice, in specially romantic places, among the rocks of Falaise, on the green flower-sprinkled cliffs between Arromanches and Asnelles, looking down over a blue and purple sea, Jenny seemed to feel a sudden check on her light-heartedness. She glanced at her brother, and saw that he had not forgotten the hotel at Rouen, the two fascinating travellers who had crossed their path there, the bunch of red roses that had gone away in Stella's own hand.

JESUITS IN CLERKENWELL.

OF late, religious fraternities have had an uneasy time. To some among them it has been a new experience to be ordered to move on; but the brotherhood of Loyola—described two hundred and fifty years since by a great parliamentary leader as men whose virtues were so well known that they had been banished from almost every state in Christendom—are too familiar with decrees of expulsion to be much troubled thereby; and having no silly scruples against breaking inconvenient laws, they have always contrived to keep some sort of a footing wherever they have been put under the ban.

After the bursting of the Gunpowder Plot bubble, no Jesuit could abide in England without imperilling his life; and when Queen Henrietta Maria was allowed to include a bishop, a confessor, and ten

priests in her household, it was expressly stipulated that none were to be Jesuits. But however obnoxious to rulers and ruled, the irrepressible Society of Jesus never wanted representatives here "in divers characters," daring the worst that might befall, for the good of the Church and the glory of their order.

In a letter dated the 28th of March, 1628, Mr. Mead, of Cambridge, was told by his town correspondent:

"This day sennight at Clerkenwell were nine gallants taken in a fair hanged vault with their trinkets (for seven of them are found to be Jesuits or priests), together with their library of books, valued at four hundred pounds, which moves men to think that it was a genuine Jesuits' College. The suspicion of them grew by the abundance of meat the poor women that dwelt thereabouts bought and provided; which occasioned the search. At first they resisted with store of arms and weapons, but the sheriffs being sent for, those aforesaid were taken, though some are said to have escaped."

The true story of the affair was this: Towards the end of 1627, the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Heath, was informed by Humphrey Cross, one of the messengers in ordinary, that much curiosity had been excited among the neighbours in St. John's, by provisions being carried into the corner-house upon the Broadway above Clerkenwell, where, so far as they knew, nobody dwelt. In the following March, Cross brought word that several lights had been observed in the supposed unoccupied house, and there was no doubt that some company were gathered there. Heath thought it was time to take action in the matter and solve the mystery. Accordingly he at once issued warrants to Magistrate Long, Humphrey Cross, and the constables next adjoining, to enter and search the suspected house, ascertain what persons resorted thither, and to what end they concealed their being there.

The officers effected an entrance into the suspected house without any difficulty, to find themselves confronted by Thomas Lathom, who asserted that he was keeping the house for its owner, the Earl of Shrewsbury; and when his unwelcome visitors insisted upon searching the upper rooms, very plainly intimated that any such attempt on their part would be resisted, and they would make it on their peril. Unprepared, just then, to proceed to extremities, magistrate, messenger, and

constables retired to report progress, or want of progress to the Attorney-General. He immediately obtained an ampler warrant from the Privy Council, with instructions for the sheriffs of London to assist in the execution thereof.

"By this protraction, they within the upper rooms got advantage to retire themselves by secret passages into the vaults or lurking-places, which themselves called their securities, so as when the officers came they found no man above stairs, save only a sick man in his bed with one servant attending him; the sick man called himself Weeden, but was afterwards discovered to be truly called Plowden." The searchers, however, were not to be balked this time. A vigorous investigation was instituted, and upon examining the cellars for a second time, Cross noticed signs of newness about a brick wall, and ordered it to be broken through; and sure enough, in a vault on the other side, lay hidden Daniel Stanhope, George Holland, alias Guy Holt, Joseph Underhill, alias Thomas Poulton, Robert Beaumont, and Edward Moore; and the following day Edward Parr was discovered in a similar lurking-place; making with Lathom, Kemp, calling himself the gardener, and a woman named Margaret Isham, the total of prisoners number ten.

Mr. Long put them all to the question, but could draw nothing from them, save formal denials that they were priests, or had taken any orders from the see of Rome; and asseverations that they knew nothing of one another, but came together casually, happening to drop in at the same time upon their mutual acquaintance, Master Lathom. He, for his part, stoutly averred that the house belonged solely to his master, the Earl of Shrewsbury; all the household stuff, Latin books, and most of the pictures being his lordship's property; while the massing stuff, Jesuits' pictures, English books, and manuscripts were his own, gifts from a dead master, and a friend beyond the seas.

Bold lying and ingenious evasion were of no avail. The magistrate was convinced they were Jesuits indeed, and the house really hired and used for a college of Jesuits to exercise their religion, and for other unlawful practices against the Church and State. First, by the inventory of the goods and utensils; secondly, by the account of their receipts and payments; and thirdly, by the memorials and directions for their government, which had

rewarded the searchers' industry. Assuredly the mute evidence was conclusive enough. There was a chapel filled with altars, images, relics, pictures, and massing-stuff of all sorts. There was a common library of printed and written Popish books. There were chambers and studies furnished for occupation; a kitchen, with all necessary offices, and provision of brass, pewter, wood, and coal; a buttery, supplied with tablecloths, trenchers, napkins, knives, forks, glasses, salts and spoons, "answerable to their number;" a cellar of wine and beer, and a confectionery of spices and sweetmeats; arrangements on a scale scarcely requisite for the needs of the keeper of the house. And to make assurance doubly sure, all the household stuff was found marked "S. O.," as belonging to the Society, and all the pewter marked "S. J.," for the Society of Jesus.

Among the articles inventoried were—one striking-clock in the dining-room and one hanging-watch with an alarm in the chamber next the library, a maudlin cup with a silver "kiver," one pair of creepers (andirons), fifty-four handkerchiefs, one dozen laced and plain caps, a sweet bag of carnation taffety laced about with a gold lace, napkins of holland, flax, and diaper, holland and linen sheets, sundry vestments, a pair of mittens, silk and fustian waistcoats, a pair of silk garters, and a stomacher.

The library seems to have been rather a limited one, consisting as it did of Cooper's Dictionary, a book of Sir Walter Raleigh's works, a missal, a breviary, six books for a scholar, and forty volumes in a little trunk—volumes of no wonderful worth, since the two score, with the trunk that held them, two other trunks, and a nest of boxes, were valued by the appraisers at twenty-five shillings the lot.

Further proof of Lathom's falsity was forthcoming in divers loose notes of mess expenses abroad, a rough book containing the monthly disbursements of the cater-clerk, a contracted formal account of the monthly expenses of the house, audited by Father Banxius, the rector, and the accounts of the Society when lodging at Edmonton, showing that from January, 1624, to the end of that year, there had been disbursed—for bread and drink, twenty-two pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; for wine, eleven pounds sixteen shillings and fourpence; for house-rent, forty-four pounds; flesh, fifty-seven pounds fourteen shillings; wood and coals, twenty-three pounds ten shillings and

fourpence; servants, eighteen pounds; for subsidies and payments to the king, seven pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence; for sugar and spices, nine pounds three shillings; for candles, salt, etc., seventeen pounds fifteen shillings and threepence; for hire of horses and things for the house, three pounds fifteen shillings and one penny; charity, six pounds seven shillings and twopence.

A careful reading of the Society's accounts showed that the lodging at Edmonton was given up sometime after December, 1624; the Society, in the following May, taking a house of Mrs. Milberry, at "Cammerwell," and remaining there until that lady's death, twenty months later, when they removed to Clerkenwell, entering into occupation there on the 1st of March, 1627. On the last page of the cater-clerk's account, under the heading "The new house at London since the 2nd of March," appeared sundry payments for bricks, lime, ironwork, workmen, cleaning bath and old furniture, "plainly showing the said furniture was not the property of the Earl of Shrewsbury, but bought at the house's charge." That the house was a house of probation for the Jesuits was proved beyond doubt by the documents found therein—namely, a general order from the Provincial of Jesuits to all the superiors of the Society; a special direction to Father Banxius, with instructions as to the manner in which the members of the house were to carry themselves towards the Bishop of Chalcedon, placed by the Pope over the clergy of England; a list of all the Jesuits in the metropolitan province, and orders from Rome to send relief to the colleges at Louvain and St. Omer.

In his report of the "Discovery of the Jesuits in Clerkenwell," Sir Robert Heath says of the delinquents: "They refuse to take the oath of allegiance, acknowledge subjection to a foreign power, and have settled a government amongst themselves subaltern thereunto; and as by this government they divide themselves and labour to withdraw all papists in general from their allegiance to his Majesty; so by a faction against the secular priests, they labour to divide the papists amongst themselves, and to suppress all those that hold any conformity to the State. They erect new fraternities and ecclesiastical observances contrary to the laws, spread false news of lying miracles, pretended to be done by the fathers of their order,

put in actual practice the orders of their profession, and have their days of silent meeting to promote the novices of their society. Lastly, the resort of recusants who have placed themselves round about the house, give good grounds for suspecting that they purposed to make head, and to make a body here."

For all the fuss made about the "Discovery," very little came of it. It was made on the fifteenth of March; on the seventeenth Parliament met, and Secretary Coke lost no time in informing the Commons that the Lords of the Council had caused a nest of wasps to be dug out of the earth, some of whom were where they ought to be—meaning in the Gatehouse or Newgate. In November all those committed to the first-named prison were sent to keep their brethren company in Newgate, excepting Underhill, who was fortunate enough to get two physicians to certify his dangerous indisposition, and thereupon obtained release upon giving bail to surrender when required. A month afterwards, three of the suspected Jesuits were tried at the Middlesex Sessions, and one of them convicted and condemned to death; but the night before his intended execution, Mr. Recorder sent a warrant to the keeper of Newgate to stay it.

The rest of the prisoners were ordered to be kept in durance until the next sessions, and then brought to trial; but, says Prynne, "when they were to be arraigned, they were, by their powerful friends at court, released upon bail, and conveyed out of harm's way; to the great offence and discontent both of the people and Parliament, which examined this grand abuse, but could not apprehend them to do exemplary justice upon them, so potent were their patrons." Upon Parliament assembling in January, 1629, a committee of enquiry was appointed to ascertain by whose warrant the Jesuits had been released, before which the keeper of Newgate deposed that the Earl of Dorset sent him word that it was his Majesty's pleasure that they should be delivered; a notification followed by a warrant from the Attorney-General to bring the priests before him; and that being done, Sir Robert Heath took sureties of them to appear twenty days after notice at the Council Board, and so they were discharged.

Luckily for all concerned in the matter, before the indignant Commons could take any action respecting it, Parliament was

dissolved, the king having determined to govern without its aid, and when it met again, twelve years later, the discovery of the Jesuits in Clerkenwell had faded from men's memories.

Our thoroughgoing forefathers, who went to work so earnestly to clear the land of nuns, and monks, and friars of orders white, black, and grey, little dreamed a time would come when nuns, and monks, and friars, expelled from Catholic countries, would seek rest and refuge in England, all statutes to the contrary notwithstanding!

LADY DEANE.

BY MRS. LEITH ADAMS.

CHAPTER VII.

"Is this your idea of looking better, Christabel?"

It was Lady Graham who asked this question of her ward—the child of her old friend, whom she so dearly loved.

"What will 'Gar say to me, when he comes next week? I promised to take good care of his treasure; I fear he will think I have been but a lax guardian. Well," continued her ladyship who was one of those stout, comfortable, kindly women who have a charming knack of looking on the bright side of anything, "I did it for the best. Mrs. Montague assured me there was no more healthy place in all England than Faycliffe-on-Sea—which just shows how one may be misled. The place must be damp. Nothing but damp could account for its effect on you, my dear. I have invariably noticed that lassitude and a sort of general debility are the results of damp. I remember poor dear Arthur Ffoliott insisting upon going to—dear me, what was the name of the place now?—something beginning with R; no, S—I think. Anyway, it was as damp as a ditch, and he came back like a rag—every bit of energy gone, my dear; pretty much the same as you are now. After all, there is nothing like a high latitude, clear air, rare and bracing. I shall never trust Mrs. Montague again—never! Why she told me that that miserable rickety child of hers grew absolutely 'bonnie,' at Faycliffe!"

Poor Christabel—she was "chewing her cud," and a very uncomfortable cud it was. She had let her feet wander into crooked ways; ways that had in truth been "ways

of pleasantness," but alas! very far from proving paths of peace.

As she sat at her window looking out over Sir Dennis Graham's fine home-park, she saw no beauty in its grand old trees, its glimpses of silvery water in the distance, its quaint terraces; nor yet in the venerable yew-tree hedge, that was a celebrity for miles round.

As she looked over the quiet sylvan scene, she seemed to hear the merry jangle of three bells, and to listen to the far-off murmur of the sea as plainly as if, in the old childish fashion, she was holding a shell to her ear.

There are such things as ghosts of sounds as well as ghosts of things and people; and Christabel was haunted by the ghost of the sea-song, and the voices of the three "critters," that Jim Gappleby managed so adroitly. Were there other ghosts still? Did grey eyes—no longer keen and clear—but misty with regret, and haggard with longing, meet her own sometimes in the land of dreams? Did she wake up sobbing in the silence of the night, and scarce dare say even to her own heart whence came those bitter tears?

Everyone who goes through a great sorrow, who has had to endure a great loss, must pass through this inevitable prostrate stage of suffering. But the healthy soul rises, when the deep waters have gone over it, and braces itself anew for the duties nearest at hand.

The teaching of the three months' dwelling near "the cottage by the sea;" the companionship of such a woman as Tessa Wedderburn; the sight of a man's life lived up to the truest and highest aims—these things could not pass across the disc of Christabel's perception and leave no mark.

She began to question herself, not so much as to what she herself felt ready to do, but what John Wedderburn would have liked her to do, in regard to this or that perplexity.

She knew not why or how; and yet there rested on her mind the conviction that this engagement of hers to Edgar Deane, to the man who, when a boy, had been so kind and tender to her in all her baby-troubles, was not as another woman's betrothal might have been; that graver, deeper interests, higher duties, were at stake than she herself could fathom.

Almost with a sensation of fear, she had many times recalled a certain interview with

Lady Deane just before she left the Glen, and when Edgar had gone to a quiet place among the Swiss mountains with Arthur Ffoliott.

She had been awed and cowed before the stern passion of the dark eyes that seemed to hold her own as by some unholy spell. The grasp of my lady's hand pressing hers seemed fuller of threat than tenderness.

Had Christabel only known it, love and jealousy were fighting hard just then in Lady Deane's heart for mastery: jealousy of this girl whom Edgar loved so passionately—love for her son; fears as to what effect the loss of what he held so dear might have upon his life, if loss came. All these conflicting feelings warring in her soul made Edgar's mother almost fierce to the girl whom she half hated, half loved.

"You will never be false to him, Christabel?" she said, looking with her eager craving eyes into the girl's white face. "You do not know—you cannot know as I, his mother, know, what it would be to him to find you untrue. He has never been denied a fancy since he was a child—and this is more than a fancy—it is a light that has arisen in the darkness—it is the very heart of his life."

As she spoke she turned away, shuddering, and pressed her hands against her eyes, as if to shut out some fearful picture of memory.

She would scarcely have so pleaded with her son's promised wife, but that in these later days she had learnt to read the girl's character better than before. She knew now that Arthur Ffoliott was right, and that neither wealth nor title would weigh with Bonnie Christabel. She knew more than this, for her mother's instinct made her keen, and she saw that the girl's heart was still a page on which no man's hand had traced the word "love." She knew that she had given her troth-plight knowing not what she gave, and that affection for her old playmate, and an all-womanly longing to make him happy, were the dual motives that had prompted her to become his promised wife.

Lady Deane would gladly have hurried on the marriage. She never hesitated a moment from any fear for the girl's future happiness, or shrank from the idea of leading her to bind her young life with a chain that might prove an irksome bond. She only remembered that moody, morbid state from which Edgar had been roused by this girl's coming; she only remembered

that his love for her had been as the sunrise that disperses the mists of the night that is past.

But Sir Dennis and Lady Graham were determined.

"She's more child than woman still," said her ladyship, smiling all over her broad cheery countenance: "it doesn't seem very long ago since she climbed the big apple-tree and sat there like a little Jack-in-the-Green. She pelted Sir Dennis with the wee apples that weren't half grown as he passed; and when he looked up and saw her, you might have heard him laughing half a mile off."

Lady Deane did not think this anecdote amusing in the least. There was something that jarred upon her sense of propriety in anyone talking about her son's future wife sitting in an apple-tree and pelting people with apples. She even thought Lady Graham slightly vulgar, or, a still worse sin in her eyes, Bohemian, to repeat such a thing.

But then these two women never did understand each other!

Lady Deane thought Lady Graham "lax" in her ideas, and wondered what Arthur Ffoliott and Edgar could see in her. Lady Graham had her own theories as to the late Sir Anthony's faults and failings—theories that it was, perhaps, just as well his widow was not aware of. Indeed, Lady Graham did not particularly care about what she called "the Deane affair," for pretty Christabel, her almost-adopted daughter; only, it wouldn't have been right, she said, to let an old woman's fancies stand in the way of the child's advantage.

"I only hope," she said to her spouse in confidence, "that it isn't in the family to make home a jail and keep the key in your pocket."

"What a very ungrammatical sentence, my dear," said Sir Dennis, taking his cigar out of his mouth to speak, and looking fondly and quizzically at his wife; "it has neither head nor tail!"

But her ladyship never tried to make it more complete. She said she had said her say, and knew what she meant; so her husband sauntered away to look at the horses, and left her to her knitting of warm garments for poor people's starved bodies. But she didn't get on very well, for the wool got tangled, and something made her usually clear sight misty.

All this was nearly a year ago now. In the interim, Arthur Ffoliott had been

very ill—so ill that at one time his life seemed to hang on a thread, and it was hard work to keep the feeble heart going. The doctors said that he owed more to his friend Sir Edgar Deane's care and nursing than to their skill. And indeed 'Gar seemed to bring all a man's strength and all a woman's tenderness to meet the emergency; indeed, as was always the case with him, he was better, both physically and mentally, for being taken entirely out of himself.

For a time after his engagement to Christie Clare, Sir Edgar Deane seemed entirely free from those fits of nervous depression and love of solitary thought that Lady Deane so dreaded. But as time went on the old evil influence seemed at work—more rarely than before, it is true, and always dispelled by his dear love's gentle presence; but yet, as Daly muttered to himself, "the snake's only scotched, not killed at all—at all!"

And Daly knew more about the state of matters even than his mistress. Had he not more than once, wakened by some slight sound below-stairs, stolen from his bed and from his room, and crept down the long passage to the gun-room, guided by the line of light that shone through the half-closed door? Had he not ventured once—only once, to push that door gently open—and stealing softly in, unheard at first—look with pitiful yearning eyes at the figure of his young master seated in the chair opposite that vacant one where Sir Anthony was wont to keep unholy vigil till the early hours of morning? There sat Sir Edgar, his arms resting on the table, his hands pushing back the hair from his temples, his eyes, dark-lined beneath, and sunken, as those of one who knows but little quiet, healthful sleep, fixed upon the empty air, as though each moment he expected to see it take "shape and form."

"Ah now, Master 'Gar!" said poor old Daly, "it's the sweet young lady herself would be sore grieved to see ye and Bernard making banshees of yerselves this way: I thought ye were thieves, alana! and had near come with the big stick in my hand, ready to break yer heads. It's just trimbling I am with the fright, so as I've enough ado to keep my old head on my shoulders, Sir Edgar," said Daly, guilty of pious frauds of speech which may well be forgiven him.

If Edgar had had it in his heart to be angry with the old servant, one look at the wistful eyes, working face, and trem-

bling hands, would have disarmed his wrath.

As for Bernard, the creature's great tawny eyes had been fixed all along, not upon his master, but on that chair the other side the hearth; and now, he suddenly lifted his muzzle and gave a cry as weird as even the banshee, to which Daly had likened him, could have uttered.

"There, sir," said Michael, venturing to touch his master's arm gently; "you see the great wise baste himself is tired of being done out of his slape. Let me get a waxlight for ye now, and carry it for ye as far as your own door."

Sir Edgar rose, like one half dazed, touched Bernard's shaggy head tenderly, and then followed Daly from the room, the dog bringing up the rear, but turning every now and then to cast a restless, uneasy glance down the passage.

"Daly," said Sir Edgar, just as the old man was bidding him good-night on the threshold of his chamber, "was there anything that weighed sorely on my father's mind, just before he—died?"

"Heaven preserve us! but it's only an old fool I am, after all, and there goes the candle-grease all over her ladyship's carpet!" cried Daly, from whose limp hand the light had fallen as his master spoke. He had to grope for the candle, and, perhaps, that was what made him breathe so short, as he said:

"Well—the old master he was easy put out over a little thing, Master 'Gar, and he was more than onct sadly troubled over the birds, and such-like; 'and, Daly,' he'd say to me, 'the young broods haven't done well this year at all, at all, and I shan't be after making the kind of bags a Deane

of the Glen has a right to look for.' Still, he was cheery enough, Master 'Gar, at other times."

"Good-night, Daly, don't take Bernard and me for thieves again," said Sir Edgar, interrupting the family history that was being told with an air of childish simplicity. Then the room door closed, and Bernard laid down upon the big hairy mat outside with a deep sigh of canine satisfaction.

Daly lingered a moment in the corridor, shook his head, and then took his way to the upper regions of the silent mansion.

Not long after all this happened, Arthur Ffoliott had been seized with that more than usually severe attack of his malady of which mention has already been made; and, once convalescent, had been ordered to try change of climate as promptly as possible.

Lady Deane, conscious for some time past that even the spell of Christabel's constant presence failed to keep at bay those morbid moods that she so feared for her son, gladly hailed the proposal that Sir Edgar should accompany his friend to Switzerland for a while.

"When I come back, mother, it will be to claim Christabel," 'Gar said, as he bade her farewell.

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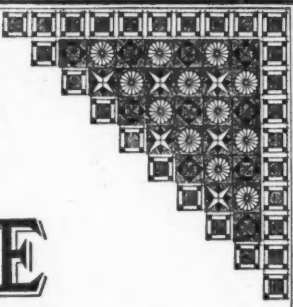
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THE DIRECTORS are gratified in being able to report that the transactions of the past year have been eminently successful.

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The CLAIMS by death were £183,854, being £9,396 less than the amount for the preceding year.

The INCOME has increased by £6,168, and now amounts to £279,852. The INVESTED FUNDS on the 31st of December, 1880, were £2,124,711, having been increased by the sum of £47,496 during the year. The average rate of INTEREST realised was £4 6s. per cent., as against £4 5s. for 1879.

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It is with considerable satisfaction the Directors are able to report that upon every main item in the past year's accounts continued progress and improvement is shown. They attribute in some degree the success of the past year as due to the beneficial results now arising to sound and well-established Life Offices, through the publication of Accounts and Statements required by the Life Assurance Companies' Act—a result anticipated by the Directors and referred to on more than one occasion in their previous Reports.

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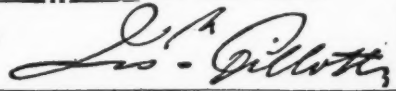
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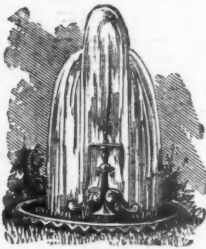
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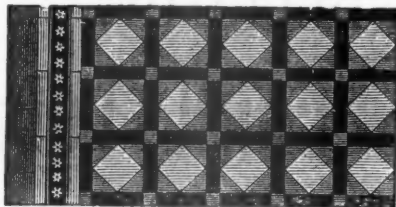
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